PRICE, 50 CENTS.

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Notes of Travel in

Perú, Bolivia, Chile, Argentine Republic,

MONTEVIDEO AND BRAZIL,

COMPRISING

History, Commercial Statistics, Climate, Products, &c.

BY

BENJAMIN S. DINGMAN.

PART FIRST—PERÚ COMPLETE IN ITSELF.

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GAZETTE PRINTING HOUSE, NEAR THE NEW POST OFFICE.
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TO THE READER.

In offering to you the First Part of his work on South America, entitled "Perú," the author does not pretend that it contains a complete history of that country, neither in a Political, Commercial, nor Geological point of view, but simply a small portion of each, together with some of its national traditions, and a journal of events which transpired during a period of several years' residence in different parts of the Republic.

His object has been to portray life in Perú as experienced by himself, and at the same time to call the attention of capitalists and others to its valuable Market, productive soil and genial climate.

Should the information given of that distant and important commercial country be of service to the public, the grand object of the work and earnest desire of the author will have been accomplished.

B. S. D.

Montreal, April 8th, 1876.

PERÚ.

Perú! how sad has been thy fate
Since by Pizarro won;
Thy wealth and beauty *then* were great—
Thy honour as the sun.
But *now* thy sons in constant strife
To grasp thy riches, fall;
And, with plunder and dishonour rife,
Are deaf to duty's call.

—B. S. D.

CHAPTER I.

ARRIVAL—CITY OF CALLAO—POPULATION—LAZINESS—GALLINAZOS.

The author arrived at Callao, from Panama, in the British mail steamer "Chile," Capt. Bloomfield, on the 18th day of July, 1865.

It was in the middle of the winter season, but here neither snow nor rain falls at any season of the year.

This port is in latitude 12 deg. 03 min. south of the equator, on the Pacific coast.

The city has a very peculiar appearance as seen from the sea on approaching, as the houses are, with

very few exceptions, all of one story high, "white-washed" with different colours, and with flat roofs.

Looking to the east, over a level plain about eight or ten miles wide, is seen a ridge of mountains running from north to south as far as the eye can reach, and whose lofty peaks are lost in the clouds. These are the Andes, or *Cordillera.*

Directly in front of the city, and forming the bay and harbour, is the Island of San Lorenzo, distant about six miles from the shore. It is about four and a half miles long from north to south, barren and rocky, and rises high above the sea.

Callao is situated on a level with the sea, at the mouth of the River Rimac, and embankments are raised to prevent the flow of the waves from flooding the streets, which are narrow, tortuous and filthy. There are no buildings worthy of note.

The first and most notable thing to a stranger on arriving is the *Gallinazos*, a large black bird about the size of a small turkey, and which has a red, loose skin over his head and neck similar to a turkey's. This bird is as tame as the domestic fowls, and is seen constantly, in countless numbers, on the streets, eating the refuse thrown from the houses, or perched upon the roofs, awnings, lamp posts or any other place where they can get a footing; often their "droppings," as one passes along the sidewalk, give work for the clothes cleaner. There is a heavy fine for killing them, for they are the "scavengers" of the population, and by their help in removing sub-

stances that would soon putrefy in the burning tropical sun, and cause epidemics, the normal state of the city health is maintained.

The population is about 15,000; about the one-quarter part are foreigners and white natives, and the remainder composed of Chinamen, negroes, mulattoes and Cholos (half-breed Indians). The "mixed" class are the most lazy, worthless set of human beings in existence, and in proof of this I will here relate a story that was told me while there, and a native it was that told it too: He said that he had a neighbour in the outskirts of the city, named José, a middle-aged man, who lived in a hut all alone, and spent most of his time in bed, never getting up to open the door before 12 o'clock in the day; and then when he finally did get up, he moped yawning to a cluster of bananas near by, pulled off a lot, and then returned to lay down in the shadow of the hut to eat. His whole wardrobe consisted of a pair of drawers, a long shirt hanging loosely outside, and an old "beaver," minus the crown and about one-third of the rim—always barefooted and starved, but never worked at any price. Whenever he chanced to see José, he shamed and remonstrated with him about his laziness, and counselled him to work at least a little, so as not to be always so miserably poor.

"No," he would always reply; "if I am to be rich I'll be rich without working, and if I am to be poor I'll not work at all."

One day a person came early in the morning enquiring for José, and he showed him the hut, but told him that he wouldn't see him, for that he never got up until after noon. The person went, but soon returned, saying that José answered, but refused to open the door, although he told him that he was the bearer of news that a fortune had been left to him by a deceased relative. Afterwards, about 10 o'clock, a notary came, and together they went to look after José, but he was still in bed. The notary called to him to get up and let him in, for that he had come to deliver him a check for $10,000, left him by his aunt.

"Push it under the door!" shouted José. And that was all they could get out of him, for get up he would not.

That may be called the superlative degree of laziness.

This is the principal seaport of the Republic, the terminus of several lines of coasting steamers, and of great commercial importance on account of its being the port of entry to the capital, distant only about five miles in the interior, and to which it is connected by railway. Here are large warehouses for receiving goods for forwarding to Lima and for shipping. The present city is but little more than one hundred years in existence, the old city having been totally destroyed by an earthquake in the manner narrated in the following chapter.

CHAPTER II.

ANCIENT CITY OF CALLAO—ITS DESTRUCTION BY EARTHQUAKE.

All that remains of the old city is a piece of the wall that surrounded it, and it is to be seen on the seashore at the southern extremity of the present town.

The history of the memorable event of the destruction of the city of Callao by earthquake, and of the sufferings of the few survivors, are given by Father Eusebio, who not only was an eye-witness of the scene, but one of the victims. Although more than a hundred years have passed since then, the relation given of it by Eusebio retains a novelty and interest which cannot be accorded to any of the many others that have been written on the subject; and all that my limits will permit me to insert, will be highly interesting to my readers. I translate it from the original Spanish:—

"The 28th of October, 1746, at night, when the churches of Callao were celebrating with religious zeal and grand pomp the festivities of the sainted Apostles Simon and Judas, a night in which the moon appeared to inspire only sweetness and benevolence in all creation, in that night, and on that occasion fell the terrible catastrophe which we are depicting. That beneficent sky concealed ruin and extermination. The atmosphere was serene, the sea

was tranquil, and the earth quietly slept: but this tremendous inaction produced the earthquake.

"It was half past 10 at night, five hours and forty-five minutes before the setting of the moon, when there was a sudden strong movement, like as if the abysses had been thrown open, and the elements rushed against each other with all their forces, each with its voraciousness precipitating the total destruction.

"Nothing could resist such a strong, instantaneous impulse, with which so many buildings, large and small, were levelled with the ground, to serve as sepulchres to thousands of their inhabitants, and where those who, from fear or helpless with terror, did not instantly fly, were crushed by the falling walls of the houses, or suffocated by the dust which rose from the ruins.

"The duration of the first movement was not more than three seconds; but that time, although so short, was sufficient to destroy the fruit of more than two hundred years' work. Magnificent temples, gorgeous palaces, splendid buildings—all fell to the ground and were lost in the ruins.

"There was not a building left standing in the city, and every street was filled with the fragments of falling houses. Many of the arches and walls, it appears, would have resisted the first jar of the earth, but they could not withstand the overwhelming force of the ocean. It came in with terrible fury; its mountainous waves felled everything that

the earthquake had left standing. Then, retiring as if to renew its strength, it again rushed in, and each time it rose to a greater height in proportion as the vibrations of the earth increased, levelling strong walls and towers that the pride of riches had built as monuments of greatness, tearing them from their deep foundations and burying them in its profound abysses, and scarcely leaving a faint mark to show 'that there was once here a beautiful city.'

"Of the 8,400 inhabitants in Callao, only 200 were saved. Of these, twenty-two had fled to the tower of the *Castillo*, then called the Fort of *Santa Cruz*. Of the rest, some were thrown upon the Island of San Lorenzo, two leagues distant from Callao, and others perished on the shore and in various parts of the fortifications, after having been spared through the terrible cataclysm.

"At the same time that the sea inundated Callao, it also ruined many other places on the coast. Pisco suffered this time, as also in the preceding great earthquake which occurred on the 20th of October, 1687. The sea also covered the royal road called *Perdices*, and destroyed everything that came in its way, its waves swallowing up cargoes, travellers, mules and their drivers (and there were many of them,) upon the space called *Salinas de Huaura*.

"In the meantime, the saddest sight of all was to be seen on the shore, upon whose borders the sea was constantly throwing the corpses in its waves, one coming after another. Here was also to be seen

those pieces of the dead which the terrible action of the sea, together with collision of objects in its waters, had parted asunder in a most horrible manner. Many of these corpses were, without any doubt, mutilated and mangled by the sharks and other large fish with which the harbour abounds. Of the twenty-three vessels, large and small, at anchor in the bay, nineteen were sunk; and while they went dragging their anchors over the city, they caught in the ruins of the houses until everything was broken up and washed away. The ships-of-war *San Fermin*, *San Antonio*, *Micholet* and *Socorro*, succumbed in the general crisis. The place where the *San Fermin* was driven to and sunk can be seen to this day, marked by a cross, a little to the right of the Lima road, and about half a mile from the seashore."

The ancient city of Callao was far superior to the present one. Founded and built in an age when war, conquests and pillage were the order of the day, and when the motto of "might makes right" prevailed to an unlimited extent, particularly in the then almost unknown New World, its buildings, each and every one, was a castle within itself; immense forts defended its gates, and a high wall completely surrounded it to the water's edge. All along the water side, strong fortifications were erected and mounted with cannon, and at an alarm, gates could be shut, enclosing all within, and a defence made for years against an enemy attacking from any quarter.

I have seen an engraving representing the ancient city and harbour of Callao, and purpose having a copy of it made for this work. From it can be judged the accuracy of the foregoing remarks.

CHAPTER III.

LIMA — GALLINAZOS — LLAMAS — POPULATION — CHURCHES — RELIGION — WOMEN.

> Lima! what saint presided when
> To thee the boon was given,
> Of having the most worthless men,
> And the most charming women?
>
> —B. S. D.

Lima is one of the oldest cities on the continent, was founded by Pizarro in 1535, and although it has suffered incidentally from earthquakes and wars—the war of the independence from Spanish rule, wars with the neighbouring Republics, and constantly from their own civil conflicts—it always remains the capital of the Republic, and the most important city in Perú. It is situated at the foot of San Cristobal mountain, five or six miles from the sea coast, and on both banks of the Rimac river; an ancient stone bridge with six arches, and 530 feet long, connects them. It is well laid out, with streets about thirty-four feet wide, all running at right angles. The water from the river is carried by con-

ductors, or open sewers about eighteen inches by ten, constructed with brick and mortar, and runs through all the streets. These sewers are called *acequias*, pass along in the middle of all the streets, and are used for throwing all the dirt and refuse from the houses into, and all lead to the river again, some distance below the city.

As the *gallinazos* are more numerous here than in Callao, on account of the size of the place, and perhaps more on account of the advantage they have here of picking "grub" well moistened from the water of the *acequias*, and satisfying their thirst without trouble, the edges of the sewers are during the day constantly lined with them, and at night they are "roosting" upon every conceivable place, occasionally "dropping" their mark upon the passers-by on the sidewalk. But they say it is a "necessary evil" and I suppose it is, because they are the "*depositors*" of the Peruvian wealth—the guano.

In the streets of Lima and Callao are often to be seen droves of *Llamas*, which are the principal beasts of burden and the most valuable animal in Perú, driven by Indians and loaded with merchandise. They are used altogether for the traffic with the interior in the mountainous region, for as they are docile and "to the *Andes* born," they can trip along with 150 pounds on their backs where no other animal could. In appearance they much resemble the camel, though much smaller in size, finer-limbed and without any hump on on their backs, the back being

straight, like a mule's. The head of the *Llama*, when standing, is about nine feet from the ground, although his body is not higher than a small mule's, say about five feet high; his neck and head is small, and he has beautiful soft black eyes. The hoof is parted, and similar to that of the deer. They are natives of the mountains of Perú, and are domesticated by the Indians, to whom they are the mainstay of life; their long, coarse wool serves to make their garments, their milk and flesh for food, their bones for instruments and their skins for sandals, cords, sacks for transporting goods on the animals' backs, and all kinds of accoutrements that they use.

The Cathedral, which forms one side of the *Plaza de Armes* (Public Square,) is the grandest and best edifice in the city. An engraving in the stone of the inner wall says that it was consecrated in the year 1625. It has a fine, powerful organ, is filled with oil paintings representing the saints, and also remarkable Scripture scenes. Some of these paintings are skilfully executed, very ancient, and are said to be the work of the first masters. Beneath its grand altar lie the remains of Pizarro. The altars are inlaid with gold, silver and gold candlesticks adorn them, and the robe of the Virgin Mary, sparkling with diamonds and other precious stones, is said to be worth millions of dollars.

There are many other churches, also, and all of large structure and imposing appearance. The Church of *Santa Rosa*, the patron saint of the city,

in grandeur and magnificence is not excelled even by the Cathedral, and her robe alone, without her necklace, rings and head-dress, which are glistening with brilliants, would be more than a king's ransom. *Santa Rosa* is said to have been born, lived and died here, and for that reason she is called in all Catholic countries *Santa Rosa de Lima*, patroness of the Indies. Her day (the 30th of August) is the most sacred day in Perú, and on that day she is carried, life-size and in full dress, at the head of a procession of thousands of people, bareheaded and continually praying and chanting, through the principal streets of the city, and those who do not wish to kneel, with uncovered head, when it passes, must get quickly out of sight, or take the consequences. At one procession, I saw once a person that stood up with his hat on, at more than half a block's distance from the corner of the street, in the throng, and although the procession didn't go that way, it was instantly stopped, and a priest ran and had him arrested and taken to the jail, where he suffered a heavy fine and imprisonment.

Besides the Cathedral, there are five other parish churches, twelve convents, thirteen monasteries, twenty-two chapels—in all fifty-three places of public worship.

Here in Perú, all are supposed to be Roman Catholics. No other worship is permitted.

The first article of the Constitution of the Republic reads thus—translation:—

"The religion of the Government is Catholic, and will not permit the exercise of any other.'

There are more public holidays here than in any other part of the world—in all they make nearly three months of the year—and the church gives them the strictest observance possible, and rarely any of them pass without its street procession.

The churches have no seats, and every one takes her own with her, or does without one. I say *her*, because males never sit, always standing or kneeling, as the case may be, and to one side, not mixing with the females. Every female, rich or poor, has her *alfombra* (carpet about eighteen by thirty-six;) and, if she be rich, a little negro or negress will carry the *alfombra*, and also a low stool or chair, place them for the mistress on the floor in the church as directed, and then kneel by her side; and, if she be poor, she carries the *alfombra* herself. The next that comes in does the same, all sitting on the floor on their *alfombras*, until the centre aisle is filled, and then in a similar manner the side aisles are thronged. There is always a crowd at every church, and on all occasions. They are a church-going people without equal, particularly the women, and the women here (as everywhere else, only *more publicly*,) rule the land. To exemplify the fact, I have only to refer to what took place here in Lima:—

During the sitting of Congress in 1866 a bill was proposed allowing liberty of conscience and religious rights to all denominations of churches, and was de-

fended by a few members against the majority. It was argued constantly for many days, and the alarm spread that the "heretics," as they called the defenders of the bill, would be victorious, and the bill would be passed. Immediately the House of Congress was thronged with women, who scattered printed papers, by handfulls, from the gallery, in which they threatened the "heretics" with everlasting punishment, and called upon the defenders of the faith to annihilate them if they again dared to speak. When the bill was discussed, and one of its admirers rose to speak, the women hissed, shouted and screamed until it was a perfect bedlam, and the police could do nothing to stop them, and Congress had to adjourn. Then, at the door of the street, another scene awaited them. Thousands of women, armed with eggs, dirt, stones, and everything they could find at hand, gave them a volley on coming out, and beat them all the way through the streets to their houses. The next day a strong guard was put on the door of Congress, but it was of no avail; the women forced it, and the scene of the day previous was repeated, some of the defenders of the bill getting seriously injured by blows from stones thrown by the women. There was no more discussing of the question; the bill was lost, thus establishing the sovereignty of woman in the Republic of Perú.

The women, for the street, to church and visiting, wear the *manta*. The *manta* is a black alpaca shawl,

and is worn over the head, one end pinned under the chin and the other thrown over the shoulder and across the face, and pinned at the small of the back. It is a most elegant costume, and a woman always looks charming in it, because if she has a homely form it cannot be noticed, and if her form is well developed it can be displayed to the best advantage; if she has a pretty face she shows it if she is so disposed, and if she is homely she invariably covers all but the eyes, which are always beautifully black, bright and sparkling.

The *Limenas* (women of Lima) have always been celebrated for their beauty, and especially for their diminutive feet. It is a fact that they have the smallest, prettiest feet of any of the sex thus far discovered. The foot—boot and all—of a large-sized woman, will rarely be over a span long.

CHAPTER IV.

CLIMATE—EARTHQUAKES—STYLE OF BUILDINGS—PALACE OF THE INQUISITION—PROMENADES—AMUSEMENTS.

The climate is very equable and renovating, and very healthy after the foreigner is once acclimated, which is very soon in a country where there is so little variation in the temperature as there is here. The new comer is subject only to *terciana*, a kind of

fever and ague, which but rarely if ever is known to attack a robust person. The thermometer ranges from 70 to 75 degrees in winter, and from 85 to 90 degrees in summer. Although it never really rains, yet during the winter months, from May to October, a very heavy dew falls, commencing at sundown and continuing until 8 or 10 o'clock next day, making everything as wet, and the streets as muddy, as a night's rain, and more so. This occurs almost every day, and as there are no fires in the houses to warm one by, and the sun never shines, it is the most unpleasant season to pass. But one recommendation for the country is that thunder and lightning are unknown here.

There is no country in the world so subject to earthquakes as South America, especially its western coast, and the base of those gigantic mountains that run along the Pacific Ocean from north to south. Perú has more frequently suffered than any other, and its capital, Lima, has many times had its very foundations shaken. The great earthquake of 1746, which, as I have already narrated, destroyed Callao, also shook down a large portion of Lima, burying thousands of its inhabitants in the ruins. But the vibrations felt since then, although numerous every year, never have done much damage in the capital, and one soon gets accustomed to them, so that they pass almost unnoticed. The direction of the vibrations is generally from north to south, and running along in the middle of the *Cordilleras* (Andes,) and

they are always more frequent in the spring and beginning of summer, and almost invariably take place just before daybreak.

Since the great earthquake of 1746, it is prohibited to build houses of more than one story high, except in cases where special permission is given for that purpose, and always on condition of building the second story of cane, and plastered with mud, as it thereby makes a very strong resistance in case of hard or repeated vibrations of the earth. Every house has one, two, or three courts (according to the size of the house,) into which the doors of all the rooms open, and serve as a place of refuge and security in case of a demolition. The houses are all built of *adobes* (bricks only dried in the sun, not burnt,) and are "whitewashed" of a colour to suit the taste of the occupant.

The Hall of Congress, the jail, and the old Palace of the Inquisition form two sides of the *Plazuela de la Independencia.*

There are two public walks, called *alamedas*, full of shade trees, and with plenty of stone seats, and every feast day they are enlivened with a band of music in the afternoon. The *Alameda de los Descalzos* is the prettiest of the two, and here is to be seen on an afternoon a large portion of the beauty and wealth of the capital promenading, while the band plays the most popular airs, the fountain shoots its waters up to the boughs of the overhanging trees which surround it, and the myriads of flowers on all

sides send forth their delicious fragrance. It is a most enchanting and really delightful place on such occasions.

The *Plaza de Armes* (Public Square,) of which the Cathedral forms the south side, the President's Government building the east, and the municipal buildings the north, is 510 feet square, well paved, and has a large fountain in the centre. It is all surrounded with gas pipes, as well as the fountain, and on illumination nights of the anniversary celebrations of independence, the 28th of July, it presents a magnificent appearance.

There are plenty of places of amusement, and all of them are always filled with people. There are two theatres, one large amphitheatre, for cock-fighting, another for bull-fighting, and several dancing saloons. The amphitheatre for bull-fighting, called the *Plaza de Acho*, is situated in the extreme eastern part of the city, at the foot of the mountain, and is a stupendous structure, capable of seating twelve thousand persons.

CHAPTER V.

COMMERCE — REVOLUTIONS — MINES — COAL OIL SPRINGS — GUANO — SOIL — PRODUCTS — GREAT INDUCEMENTS TO EMIGRATION.

The commercial trade is all conducted by foreigners in this city, without exception, and a very large

business is done in imports, and supplying the interior and towns on the coast with European products. Also, an extensive and very lucrative retail trade is constantly realized in the capital, and some very nice stores are to be seen on *Espaderos*, *Union* and *Mantas* streets; but there is plenty of room for more, and an energetic business man, with a well-assorted stock of goods, cannot fail to make a fortune in a few years. This is one of the best openings in the world for the trade, because the natives don't think of anything but making revolutions, and the party in power robs enough from the Government to sustain itself when overthrown until it again assumes the command, and as their money doesn't cost them anything, they follow the old rule of "what comes easy goes the same," and buy everything they fancy, regardless of whether they have anything to eat on the morrow or not.

General Fermin del Castillo, who occupied the Presidential chair from 1845 to 1851, was the only President that has ever finished his term of office. The revolutions are continuous—that is, almost every year—and are always successful. But although the party is so short a time in power, it is sufficient to withdraw from the Government, and place to individual account in Europe, some few millions, and then they retire to enjoy it, and give place to their hungry successors, and the play continues. It is a sad, a most shameful spectacle for this age of the world, the Nineteenth century, that

a country so richly endowed by Providence should be thus devastated and plundered, when it might be one of the richest garden spots on the earth.

The country abounds in mines of gold, silver, copper and coal, and inexhaustible coal oil springs have been discovered in the northern part of the Republic. It is said that gold may be found in nearly all the passes, and nearly all the rivers from the Andes wash down the auriferous sands. The richest gold mines, or diggings, are in the vicinity of Tarma.

But the great, and apparently inexhaustible source of wealth, and that which is the principal cause of the revolutions, is the guano, the principal deposits of which are on the Chincha Islands. Here, with no more trouble than to make contracts with European countries for its sale at so much a ton, on delivery at the deposits, and receive the money, is sufficient, if rightly applied, to make Perú the most independent nation in the world. But, instead, it only serves as a constant "bone" of contention between her sons, and bars her advancement in civilization and national glory.

The soil is rich, and very productive, and in the sections where rain doesn't fall, as in Lima, there is a sufficiency of water for irrigation. All the tropical fruits grow spontaneously, and in great abundance. Rice, cotton, sugar-cane and tobacco are the principal products, and yield abundantly, but are little cultivated, for reason of the indolent, revolutionary inclination of the inhabitants. Here is a grand field

of operations for the planter and labourer, and one that cannot be overestimated in value. Rich valleys that only require tilling and planting to yield "an hundred fold," and the product of which can be realized at golden prices at markets close at hand. For all classes of mechanics and labourers, there is always abundance of employment, both in city and country, at large salaries, on account of the great scarcity which always exists in these branches of industry.

CHAPTER VI.

REVOLUTION OF GENERAL CANSECO—PRADO PROCLAIMED DICTATOR—ARRIVAL OF THE SPANISH SQUADRON.

On the 6th of November, 1865, the revolution headed by General Canseco entered the city of Lima, overthrowing the Government of General Pezet, and proclaimed himself President of the Republic. The principal place in his ministry he gave to Colonel Balta chief of the revolutionary division that was organized in the northern part of the Republic, and to Colonel Prado he gave the office of Commander-in-Chief of the army. He then dedicated himself at once to the Spanish question, in preference to all others, seeing himself bound by the compromises he had made to the country while

raising the revolutionary flag, whose motto was "Annul the treaty," which they called ignominious, made by Generals Pareja and Vivanco. I will also add, that one of the first measures taken by the new President, after arriving in the capital with his troops, was to send a strong guard to the house occupied by the Spanish Legation, to thereby prevent all possibility of profanation.

But the days passed. Frequent conferences took place between the Spanish representative and the Prime Minister of General Canseco, that gave reason to hope some arrangement would be made, but nothing definite in any sense was arrived at. In the meantime, the agents of Chile made good use of their opportunity, especially *Senor* Santamaria, the Chilian Minister, who had instructions from his Government to influence the victorious chiefs to form an alliance between the two countries against Spain. Santamaria, a man of great talent, from first sight knew the qualities of each one of the personages in question for his purpose, and at once selected Prado, judging him to be a strong arm that only lacked intelligent direction; a machine capable of being applied to many uses if moved by a stronger motive power that would quicken and direct its movements. And from that time there began to circulate a bold idea among the people in the streets: That, for to save the Republic, a Dictator was necessary; and on the 25th of November handbills were circulated calling for a meeting in the *Plaza de*

Armes on the following day, at 12 o'clock. Accordingly, on the 26th, a mass-meeting was held in the *Plaza de Armes*, not more than one thousand persons being present, of all colours, and then and there Prado was proclaimed Dictator.

As soon as the Dictator's Government was formed, the principal Minister of which was Colonel Galvez, who was particularly distinguished for his hatred towards the Spanish, a circular was passed to the representatives of foreign nations communicating to them his coming into power, and the happy termination of the long crisis through which the country had passed. This was the occasion elected to openly break with the Spanish Minister, to whom the said circular was not sent, at the same time withdrawing the guard that protected the Legation, and without giving any previous notice of intention to do so. *Senor* Jacinto Albistur, the Spanish Minister, then sent a note to the Diplomatic Corps manifesting his motives for complaint against the Peruvian Government, together with the unjustifiable conduct observed towards him, which made his further stay in Lima incompatible with the honour and dignity of the nation he represented. After taking this step, he retired, with all his Legation, leaving the Spanish subjects under the protection of the French Minister.

Santamaria reaped the fruit of his labours, signing in Lima, with the Government of Prado, a treaty of alliance, offensive and defensive, between the two

Republics, against Spain, which was all that Chile expected in the present war.

The day after the Spanish squadron anchored in Callao, a commission of the Diplomatic Corps from Lima visited the commander, begging him to concede a limited time to save the neutral interests; to which he replied that he would grant it, notwithstanding the detriment that time would be to him, which would be improved by the enemy in making stronger defences, and that as the Peruvian Government was the declarer of war he had the right to attack at once; but he wished to give this as another proof of the consideration with which he had always looked upon foreign interests. He, in effect, did grant four days' time, which was of immense service to the Peruvians in completing their formidable defenses, and preparing everything for the combat, although they had been for months previous occupied in building fortifications in anticipation of this event.

CHAPTER VII.

FORTIFICATIONS OF CALLAO—SPANISH SQUADRON—ARMAMENT COMPARED.

To the south of the Bay of Callao is the road, or port, which is formed by a low sand bank which runs out from the land, and in a perpendicular

direction to the Island of San Lorenzo. The island being four and a half miles long from north to south, and of considerable height, forms, with the bank, the southern entrance to the harbour, called the *Boqueron*, a very difficult passage, and seldom entered by large vessels. A mile from the point is situated the city of Callao, with large warehouses for commercial deposits, but without any edifice worth mentioning. The famous forts of Spanish times, where Brigadier Rodil, after his disaster at Ayacucho, sustained himself heroically for more than a year against the forces of Bolivar, that attacked him by sea and land, were now unarmed. The headquarters of the army, and the hospitals, were established in Bellavista, on the Lima road, scarcely a mile to the east of Callao.

The batteries were at each side of the city, forming two lines of defense, one to the south and the other to the north. The southern line, commencing near to the before-mentioned point, consisted of the "Abtao," a masked battery of 10 cannons, 68 pounders; the "Santa Rosa" batteries, in one of which were 10 pieces of 32; another with 20 of 16 centimetres, rifled and smooth, having at each end a 500-pound Blakeley and a 300-pound Armstrong, besides another Blakeley of the former size in the centre; a third masked battery, with 8 32-pounders. Between "Santa Rosa" and "Abtao" there was an ironclad tower, with two 300-pound Armstrongs.

The northern part comprised a battery of 20 cannons of 16 centimetres, rifled and smooth, with two

500-pound Blakeleys at each end; an ironclad tower, with two 300-pound Armstrongs, like the one on the south side, and a masked battery with 12 pieces, 32-pounders. Besides, near the wharf, a 500-pound Blakeley was mounted and manned, the monitor *Loa*, with two cannons, 100-pounders each, the *Victoria*, with one of 150 pounds, all waited the attack.

The total number of cannons was 96. Among them were eight rifled-bore Blakeleys, of 500 pounds ball, and six Armstrongs, of 300 pounds each. As already mentioned, four of the last-named were mounted in two fixed ironclad towers, the cannons being on a level with the top, and scarcely perceptible from a distance, their mountings and attendants being perfectly protected by the wall. The Blakeleys were mounted upon solid platforms, giving room for their axis around which the cannon could be turned so as to direct in any horizontal direction; the esplanade had enough inclination to diminish the retrogade movement, and by the side of each piece was a windlass to raise the enormous 500-pound ball for loading. This system, it is said, had never been used till now for any combat. But, to give an exact idea of this monstrous artillery, the best way is to describe with accuracy the different projectiles, which I am not competent to do, and besides do not judge it necessary to the object I have in view, which is to give a plain and exact description of the armament of each nation, as I saw them myself.

The Spanish squadron that was preparing to at-

tack these formidable batteries, was composed of the following vessels, guns and commanders:—

Commanding General, Brigadier Casto Mendez Nunez.

Major-General Captain Miguel Lobo.

MEN-OF-WAR		GUNS.	H. P.	COMMANDERS.
Berenguela	Screw st'mship	36	400	Captain Manuel de la Pazuela.
Villa de Madrid.	"	46	800	" Claudio Alvaro Gonzalez.
Blanca	"	36	300	" Juan Bautista Topete.
Resolucion	"	40	500	" Carlos Valcàrcel.
Numancia, ine'd	"	54	1000	" Juan Bta. Antequera.
Almansa	"	50	600	" Victoriano Sanchez.
Vencedora	Screw sch'r	3	100	Lieut'nt Francisco Patero.

Total, one ironclad ship, five wooden ones, and a schooner, with a force of 2,880 horse-power and 245 cannons, which in the battle would naturally be reduced to half, as the ships could only bring one side into action. The largest-sized cannon in the squadron was of 68 pounds, Rivera smooth-bore system, and with these were armed the *Numancia*, *Villa de Madrid* and *Almansa*; the other ships had only 32-pounders and some 68-pound mortars. There were only 18 rifled cannon of 16 centimetres, in the squadron, and they were mounted in the quarter-deck batteries of the *Villa de Madrid*, *Berenguela* and *Almansa*.

To form an idea of the enormous disproportion between the defense and attack, it is only necessary to call to mind the fact that modern warfare has demonstrated the impotence of wooden ships against the new artillery. With its rapid perfections, it was plainly seen in the Russian war, and afterwards in that of the United States, that only a few shells were

necessary to set on fire or sink a 120-gun ship; and if, as has heretofore been admitted, one cannon on land is equal to ten afloat, the disproportion in this instance has been considerably augmented. According to this, against the 96 cannon on land, the squadron should have at least 1,000 to equalize the forces.

But that is not all. To give an example: If, during the bombardment of Sebastopol by the allied fleet, one shell of ordinary size that the French ship *Villa de Paris* received blew away part of her deck, and killed and wounded a great number of persons, how much more terrible would be the effects of those monstrous Armstrong and Blakeley shells which the Peruvians had at their disposition? It would be logic to suppose that only one would be sufficient to disable the vessel that it entered.

The only ironclad in the fleet was not invulnerable against such artillery. The shore batteries had the best cannon ever made to destroy ironclad ships, the 300-pound Armstrong, which, in the trials verified at Shoeburyness, passed through an ironclad with plates of 19 centimetres thickness, and the *Numancia* only had them of 13 thick.

Besides, if batteries on land always shoot with more exactness than ships, subject to the action of both sea and wind, the exactness in this case should have been perfect, because during the long time the Peruvians had to prepare themselves, they had practiced with guns and measured and marked the dis-

tances in the harbour with buoys. In this manner, at any moment, they could tell the distance to a vessel, and aim accordingly, so that the first shot would take effect. Besides, the Peruvians had to a great degree confided the service of the batteries to foreigners, deserters from men-of-war of all nations, and adventurers that are always ready to sell themselves for gold.

It was necessary that the ships should go as near the batteries as their draught of water would permit, by so doing to compensate somewhat in short distance for the inequality in the size of their guns and those on shore. And here a new and serious danger presented itself, for the Peruvians had filled the harbour with torpedoes, and which they could explode from land by means of electric wires. The vessels were subject to be blown up at any moment. It was impossible to accumulate more terrible means of destruction.

CHAPTER VIII.

AT BELLAVISTA—BATTLE OF CALLAO—PRADO HIDES HIMSELF.

In anticipation of the encounter, and with a desire to be able to give an accurate account of the battle, I, in company of a Chilian friend, left Lima for Callao on Tuesday morning, 1st of May, as on that day

the four days' "grace" had expired, and it was expected the bombardment would commence. But no hostile movement took place; and as Callao was completely uninhabited, everybody having retired to Lima and closed their houses, we walked back to the army headquarters at Bellavista, and determined to remain there over night, so as to be on hand in the morning, rather than walk the five miles to Lima and return again. Here we could scarcely get anything to eat among the throng of houseless people from Callao, who had all come there expecting the fight to be over on that day, and consequently had brought little or nothing with them to eat, and much less to sell to others. We only got a plate of *chupé*—a stew of potatoes, fish, milk and butter, highly seasoned with Cayenne pepper (it's a national dish, and very fine when eaten in private houses)—and a piece of bread, for which we each paid forty cents. Then there was no place to get a night's lodging, and we passed the night on a pile of lumber.

Wednesday morning, the 2nd of May, was foggy, a heavy dew falling until about 10 o'clock in the morning. We went early to Callao, and took up our position on the extreme right of the northern batteries, upon a little knoll about eighteen or twenty feet high, from which place we could see distinctly the whole line of fortifications, as also everything in the harbour at the same time.

At about 11 o'clock the Spanish fleet began to move, and at 12 we could plainly see that they were

steaming in towards the city in grand style, led by the *Numancia*. There was not a breath of wind, the sea in a perfect calm, and the sun shone in all its brightness. It was a most sublime sight to behold, those great ships, one following in the wake of the other, moving noiselessly over the water, and closing in upon those fortifications where the enemy was awaiting them, with the most powerful weapons of warfare the world has ever known. There was an awful stillness: the stillness of death. The *Numancia*, on arriving within pistol-shot, and directly in front of the "Santa Rosa" batteries, dropped her anchor, and at the same moment fired her first gun. Immediately the whole coast of Callao was shrouded in smoke, and the deafening echoes of two hundred cannons made the earth tremble. The first shot was fired at 12:20 P. M.

All the other vessels had taken their positions simultaneously with their leader, the *Numancia*, and at equally short ranges, and for about twenty minutes an incessant cannonading was kept up between them and the batteries, when a terrific explosión was heard, causing a momentary and simultaneous cessation of firing on both sides. What could it be? The smoke prevented our seeing either vessels or anything else, but we confidently believed that it could be nothing less than the blowing up of the *Numancia*, because we deemed it impossible that she could for a moment float before the mouths of those monstrous guns.

How great was our surprise, then, on the smoke clearing away, to see the *Numancia*, and all the rest of the vessels, in their places? We couldn't account for it, but soon learned that the powder magazine of the ironclad "Santa Rosa" tower had exploded, killing and mangling all that were within it. Also, that the big Blakeley cannon near the wharf was dismounted, as well as many others.

Nothing can give an idea of the frightful cannonading maintained by both combatants for those few moments; but now the fleet had it all their own way. They had blown up one of the strongest forts, dismounted many of the guns in several of the other batteries, and the Peruvians were little less than panic-stricken, and only at intervals was a shot fired from the fortifications. It was then that we could solve the great mystery, why it was that those enormous cannons had not sunk all the ships, because now there was but little smoke, and we could distinctly see the effect of each shot upon...the water, three or four miles away to sea! It appeared to us that a man with his eyes blindfolded could not fail to strike the vessels at every shot, so close was their proximity to the guns.

After the first half-hour the Spaniards only kept from three to four vessels in action, but the *Numancia*, the flag-ship, remained constantly in the same position, keeping up a continual fire on the batteries. The other vessels were relieved at intervals, one steaming away and another immediately taking her

place. It was a most magnificent sight, and we had the best position to admire it from that could possibly be desired; we could see the effect of almost all the shots fired from the fortifications, and also all the movements of the ships.

At 4:50 in the afternoon, the fleet steamed away to their anchorage, near the Island of San Lorenzo, *apparently uninjured*, and as they were retiring in the distance, two or three shots were fired at them from one of the batteries. For the last half-hour only a few shots were discharged from the fortifications. The monitors *Loa* and *Victoria* took no part whatever in the combat, although it would have been an easy thing for them to run into and sink any of those wooden vessels, as they were constructed especially for that purpose; but their commanders had other thoughts, doubtless, because they kept their vessels as far away from the enemy as possible.

As soon as the ships retired, we visited the batteries, passing along the streets of the city till we arrived at the *Castillo de la Independencia*, in time to see the Dictator *Mariano Ygnacio Prado* and staff emerging from the subterranean vaults of the fort, where they had been hid away during all the bombardment. With such a cowardly leader, setting such a shameful example, it is not to be wondered at that other commanders should hesitate to risk their lives also in front of the enemy, and much less reason is there to expect that soldiers will stand to see themselves shot down without officers. How different

would have been the results of the day had there been *even one* valiant and efficient officer to encourage others by his example, directing a few well-aimed shots at the enemy? Not a single vessel would have left her position but in going to the bottom of the bay, and not a single individual of their forces would have escaped.

It is calculated that more than a hundred persons perished in the explosion of the "Santa Rosa" tower, and among their number was the Minister of War, Colonel Galvez, the confidential adviser of the Dictator and leading spirit of the occasion, and many of the chief officers of his staff, the Chief Engineer Borda, Colonels Lavala, Montes and others. The dead were horribly burnt and mutilated by the explosion, many of them blown limb from limb, and unrecognizable.

The bad military genius of the Government was also the cause of a great deal of unnecessary losses. They had stationed several battalions of the army in rear of the line of battle, in order to prevent the Spaniards from landing, if they should attempt to do so, and those that were in the ditches behind the southern fortifications were reached by the shells from the vessels, killing many of them and causing the rest to retire in great disorder.

Little damage was done to the city by the bombardment, no inflammatory shells or balls having been thrown by the fleet, as they had probably used them all previously in their bombardment of Valpa-

raiso. This was a very fortunate circumstance, for had one building been set on fire the whole place would have doubtless been consumed, as all the buildings are of wooden material.

The temporary hospitals at Bellavista were found to be too small to contain all the wounded, and many had to be laid on the ground with no protection from the night air, which was the cause of losing many lives that might otherwise have been saved.

We walked back to Lima, arriving at 10 P. M., having passed the entire day *without either eating or drinking*, and on looking at the newspaper found that "the batteries had sunk the *Numancia* and two others during the fight," and other falsehoods of the same stamp, and all official reports! And besides, and worst of all, they claim the victory—declare, officially, that they drove the Spaniards away!

CHAPTER IX.

FUNERAL OF GALVEZ—DISAPPEARANCE OF THE SPANISH FLEET—THREE DAYS' FESTIVAL—THE ARMY ENTERS LIMA IN TRIUMPH — HIGH MASS — CHURCH THIEVES—THE AUTHOR IS ROBBED.

All was confusion in Lima for six or seven days after the bombardment. The Spanish fleet was daily expected to renew the combat, and consequently

there was great activity in caring for the wounded, burying the dead, and making preparations for another battle. The stores were all closed, and the flags kept at half-mast for the death of the Secretary of War until his funeral, which took place on the 9th of May, just seven days after the explosion in "Santa Rosa" tower, in which he was one of the victims; his remains were horribly burned, and only recognized by a ring that he wore on his finger. The funeral was a magnificent display, as it proceeded from *La Merced* Church, where the body had laid in state for several days previous, the grand procession being headed by Government officials, followed by the ecclesiastic authorities, military and private individuals, all the bells tolling, and the balconies of many residences in the streets through which it passed hung with mourning.

On the 10th, it was discovered that the fleet had disappeared from their anchorage at San Lorenzo Island, and afterwards it became known that the Diplomatic Corps had received official notice from the Admiral stating that the blockade of the port was raised "until further notice." Immediately on receiving this news, the rejoicing was wild, bells ringing, cannons firing, firecrackers, and everything else that could make a noise, with bands of music playing and marching up and down the streets constantly, followed by the mob, all shouting in the most barbarous disorder. Next day a *bando* was published, or read, by an officer, at the corners of the

streets, accompanied by a guard of soldiers, decreeing three days' festival *in celebration of the victory achieved over the Spanish fleet!*

The papers of the 11th published the *manifesto* of the Spanish Admiral to the Diplomatic Corps, in which he states that he leaves the Peruvian waters after having chastised the Peruvians as they deserved.

Great were the doings during the three feast days. During the day the mob paraded the streets with bands of music, flags flying and cheering, and all the church bells ringing, while the cannonading and firecrackers solemnized the hours as they passed. At night, a general illumination, every house front decorated with lights, and the *Plaza de Armes* illuminated with gas, with coloured glass globes, which gave a most magnificent appearance to the nightly scene, while the bands kept up a continual strain of enlivening music.

The Dictator Prado had intended to withdraw the forces from Callao on the last of the three days' feast, but afterwards postponed it for the day following, when, as was published, he would make *his victorious return* from the "wars," and be regally received by the municipal authorities of Lima. To that end, the Prefect had triumphal arches erected across the streets where the procession would pass, and beautifully decorated with wreaths of flowers; the national colours, red and white ribbons, stretched across the streets from house to house, intermingled

with foreign and national flags in every block, and besides he issued *an order* that the ladies should throw flower from their houses to the army as they passed along, and also decorate the fronts of them. All was fulfilled "to the letter," and the streets presented a most gorgeous appearance on the entering of the army, headed by Prado, on the 13th, and their paths were strewn with flowers by the hands of beauty.

On the arrival of the army in Lima, the boisterous rejoicings of the *canalla* knew no bounds, and at the head of their street processions they actually carried a large portrait of the Dictator hoisted at the end of a pole, with the inscription, "The saviour of his country," underneath it. The next day was celebrated in the Cathedral the great High Mass, as is usual on the occasion of great national grief or joy, which was attended by all the Government authorities, and an immense throng of all colours. Afterwards, a grand review of the troops took place. A decree was then published releasing all the Spanish subjects [from prison,] where they had been confined since a few days previous to the bombardment of Callao, and allowing them thirty days to leave the country.

As is always the case in Lima, and naturally more so on days when there are large gatherings of people, the pickpockets and thieves of every class abound everywhere. They even enter and rob the silver candlesticks from the altars of the churches while mass is being celebrated, and have no scruples about

emptying the pockets of the women while they are engaged in prayers. But all those sacreligious slight-of-hand performances, though morally of the "deepest dye," cannot, in a financial point of view, compare with the robbery committed upon the writer during those three days' festival. An extract from my diary says as follows:—

"May 13th (Sunday).—Yesterday, on returning to my room, about 5 P. M., found that I had been robbed during the day of everything of value; trunk broken open, and valise also; new clothes, just made last week, and never worn, also taken—about $200 worth of clothing alone taken; also took my album and a number of books, besides, of course, all my gold and silver collections of foreign coins. Went to the *Intendente*, Andraca, but he would take no steps in the case *unless I had suspicion of some one, and would bear the responsibility of false search and arrest, etc.* What police regulations!"

As the police authorities would not assist me, I never discovered either the thieves or the articles stolen, although I offered a large reward for the return of even the photographs that the album contained. The theft was all the more mysterious and daring as my room was in the second story of a private house occupied by a family (the first story,) near the public square, and in one of the most business streets of the city, and having been committed between the hours of 9 A. M. and 5 P. M. But this

was not the only outrage I was destined to suffer under this Dictatorial Government.

CHAPTER X.

ANTECEDENTS OF PRADO—HIS TREACHERY—REVISES THE LAWS—MAKES WAR AGAINST THE CHURCH AND IS DEFEATED.

That my readers may be the better able to form an opinion of the Peruvian code of morality, I will here state some of the antecedents of the Dictator Mariano Ygnacio Prado, qualifying him for the post he now so admirably fills, as we have seen at the bombardment of Callao.

In the preceding revolution, headed by his brother-in-law, General Pezet, he was in command of some troops, and upon peace being restored, President Pezet appointed him Prefect of the city of Arequipa, at a good salary. He filled the position until the breaking out of the present revolution, but in the meantime committed an act of the most infamous treachery. He wrote to his brother-in-law, President Pezet, begging him to allow him two years' advance of his salary, as he was about to be married, and wished to start an establishment of his own (housekeeping.) The money was paid to him, but instead of putting it to the use for which it was asked, he used it to bribe officers of the army to join in the

revolution, having himself appointed commander of the department, and then publicly taking up arms and uniting with the revolutionary army under the command of General Canseco, to overthrow the Government. We have already seen how well they succeeded.

Prado, upon finding himself at the head of the nation, immediately set to work repealing and annulling the laws promulgated by his predecessor, whether good or bad, and of reënacting them with *his name* to them, with slight variations, sometimes, and also tried his hand at some new ones. The first attempt was a ridiculous failure. As Dictator, he presumed to dictate laws to the church, and he soon found the church dictated to him. It came about in this wise: In all Catholic countries it has always been the custom, although it has gone out of use in the more enlightened ones, to carry the *Viatico* (sacrament) by the priests, with ringing of bells, through the streets to the house of the dying person to whom this last rite of the church is to be administered, and in this country, where there is no religious toleration, this custom was most strictly observed, everybody falling on their knees as it passed them in the streets. This is a daily occurrence.

Now, wishing to have his "reign" signalized as the era of reformation and progress for his country, he published a decree prohibiting this and all other religious processions in the public streets. The decree was published on the 7th of June, and the

newspaper next morning published another from the Archbishop discountenancing his authority, and instructing the priesthood to continue as customary. Here came the "tug of war." Every afternoon and evening the processions paraded the streets, with bells ringing, extending them until night, and then illuminated with lanterns and candles, in defiance of the Government.

The women thronged the Government House demanding the repeal.

In the meantime, Prado, fearing to contend with them in open combat, determined upon a little strategy, gave his orders to the police, and on the night of the 14th, at midnight or thereabouts, made a charge upon the parish priests, surprised them all in their beds, took them prisoners and sent them on board a man-of-war in the harbour of Callao.

The excitement in the city on this being known can be better imagined than described.

The paper next day published a letter from the Archbishop to the Dictator demanding their release, and another from him in reply, peremptorily refusing to accede. But it was of no use. The promulgator of the law had not the moral courage to sustain it, and on the 17th he surrendered the priests to the Bishop, and published a decree repealing the former one, thus officially and publicly acknowledging the supremacy of the church over the State in the Peruvian nation.

CHAPTER XI.

INDEPENDENCE DAY — GRAND ILLUMINATIONS — A FOUNTAIN OF LIQUORS AND ANOTHER OF PERFUMERY — SPLENDID FIREWORKS — DISTRIBUTION OF MEDALS AND RIBBONS.

The celebration of the anniversary of Independence, which takes place the 28th of July, the only one the present Government was destined to celebrate, was the grandest one ever witnessed in Perú. A general illumination of the city for six nights. The fronts of all the public buildings were lighted with gas, in the most artistic manner, and in burning letters proclaimed to the multitude the *past* glories of the nation and the *present* prowess of the Dictator, whose portrait hung from the front of the Municipality Building, surrounded with a wreath of fantastic coloured lights.

Many thousands of dollars were spent in the decoration of the *Plaza de Armes*. A chain of gas lights, with coloured glass globes, surrounded it, numbers of lamp posts, with their respective lights, everywhere in the interior, another circle of lights surmounted the railing that surrounds the fountain, and the fountain itself was the most magnificently illuminated of all. A band of music was stationed at each corner of the *Plaza*, and playing by turns, kept up a continual music. Add to this, *an artificial fountain, with three or four different kinds of liquors, which*

were served to everybody GRATIS *by Government employees stationed there for that purpose, and at the opposite side of the Plaza another fountain, with perfumery for the handkercheif of everyone*, and from this an idea can be formed of the enchanting splendor of the scene.

Every evening, at 7 or half past 7 o'clock, there was an exhibition of fireworks, also, of the most costly description that ingenuity could devise. They were made to represent battles, and, at an enormous expense, huge ships were made, to represent the Spanish fleet, and their *imaginary* destruction before the batteries of Callao; and I must say that it was grandly beautiful. Also every other conceivable invention of castles, crosses, stars, mottoes, &c., &c., to the immense delight of everybody. The fireworks generally lasted about half an hour, and sometimes more. Bull-fights and cock-fights were an everyday occurrence, and of the most attractive kind on these national holidays, and were always thronged with people.

Silver medals were coined and distributed by Prado to the officers and soldiers, for their *gallant* defence of Callao, and to the firemen of the companies formed for that occasion he distributed little bits of ribbons, with an appropriate inscription printed on them. As regards the firemen, he took the "will for the deed," as no fires occurred, and their services were not called into action at all.

CHAPTER XII.

REVOLUTIONARY MOVEMENTS IN THE INTERIOR—TYRANNY IN THE CAPITAL—VICTIMS OF ABUSE OF POWER—THE AUTHOR OFFERS AN OFFICER'S NOTE FOR SALE IN HIS STORE WINDOW—HIS PARTNER IS TAKEN PRISONER—THE AUTHOR ELUDES THEM AND TAKES REFUGE IN THE LEGATION.

The grandeur of the celebrations, the medals and ribbons given to win the adhesion of his countrymen, only produced a momentary and purely local effect, for already in the interior there were rumours of discontent everywhere, and the departments of Cuzco and Puno had openly pronounced in revolution against the Dictator.

In the meantime, in the capital, the discontent became daily more apparent, and this being the stronghold of power, the *surveillance* was extreme, and many were the victims of arbitrary punishment. Citizens, upon the mere suspicion of sympathizing with the revolutionary movement, were dragged from their beds at night and conducted to prison, where they remained in irons. One I knew (a gentleman of my personal acquaintance) was arrested, taken to the barracks, and there tied up to the ceiling by his thumbs, his toes just allowed to touch the floor only, until the cords cut through to the bone, and he begged in mercy to be killed, his executioner, the Colonel of the battalion, standing by him with

revolver in hand, all the time ordering him to tell the plans of the revolutionists; which he could not do, as he really knew nothing. The abuses of power were an every day occurrence, every officer and soldier considering himself as Dictator, in his relations with citizens, and redress for grievances was out of the question.

In this state of affairs it is not to be wondered at that injustice should also be done to foreigners, if they are suspected of mixing in party politics; but where there is no such pretext afforded nor claimed for committing an outrage, it is simply barbarous. The abuse of which the writer was a victim was of the latter denomination, and not altogether void of interest to the reader, as the following will show:

I had a promisory note signed by Colonel Gàrate which was long past due, and which I tried every means to collect, getting judgment from the Court and order for execution against him, but there was not a constable that had courage enough to execute the orders of the Judge; and although I offered them large sums (the custom in Perú when you want to get anything done by the "limbs of the law,") to do their duty, not one dared go and make the seizure.

"Seize the furniture of the Colonel! For God sake!" they would all answer, crossing themselves, with frightened looks, "the Dictator—he would kill us on the spot—no, no."

Under these circumstances, seeing that the law would do nothing for me to recover the money, I

bethought myself of a plan to shame him into paying me, and the next day I put it in execution in this way:—I took a large sheet of foolscap paper, and wrote on it in large letters (in Spanish of course) "This note, signed by Colonel Ignacio Olazàbel Gàrate, will be sold at a discount," pinning the note to the bottom, and then put it in the show-window of the store fronting on the street. Now this street was one of the most fashionable and public ones in the city, and people passing stopped to read on seeing the name of such a well-known officer of the army, and consequently in a few moments there was a large crowd in front of the window. I expected trouble, but it was then too late to prevent it, so I prepared my revolver and awaited the result.

Soon a gentleman, accompanied by an army officer, entered the store, and, coming to the desk where I was occupied writing, asked—

"Did you put that paper in the window?"

"I did," was my reply.

"What does it mean?" he enquired.

"It means just what it says," I answered him; "that the note is offered for sale."

"Why did'nt you take the ordinary means to have it collected?" was his next question.

"I did take all the ordinary legal means," was my answer, "but without success, and I now am trying the extraordinary."

"Did the Judge authorize you to take this step?"

he asked quickly, now in a rage and in a menacing manner.

"No," said I, in the same tone and manner; "I don't need the authorization of him or anybody else — the note is mine, and I can do what I please with it."

"You'll be sorry for this," he hissed fiercely, as he turned on his heel and walked out with his companion, who had remained a silent spectator of the scene.

"What do you say?" I shouted after him, but he took no notice of my question, and I was left alone to think and wonder what could be the meaning of such a visit and threat, as I knew neither of the parties, and could'nt imagine why they took so much interest in the matter. But I was not left long in ignorance of their intentions.

This occurred while I was alone in the store, about ten o'clock in the morning, August 16th, my partner, Macnamara, having gone to his breakfast, and I waited his return to go to mine. When he came in, I informed him of the visit and threat, and after cautioning him to be on his guard against surprise, I went out, leaving him alone, the other employees, of which there were four or five, being all gone out at the time.

I had almost finished breakfasting when an individual came in the restaurant where I was eating, and, panting for breath, told me to hurry to the store for that Macnamara had been carried away prisoner, and that the store was left open, and that it was filled

with the mob. I ran out, and found it as he said; the crowd filled both the street and the store. I hurried the people all I could to get them out of the establishment, but before they were half out my partner entered, in breathless haste, and hurriedly told me to fly and hide myself, as they had taken him for me, and on discovering their mistake had released him, but that the police were coming after me. I acted upon his advice, and elbowed my way through the crowd, but it was too late—the police had arrived and saw me, and I was at once arrested.

I told the police officer that I was willing to accompany him, but (at the same time slipping a silver dollar in his hand) I wished him to first walk with me to my room, only a few blocks distant, and but little out of our way to the prison. He consented, and we started. But my intention was to outgeneral him, and I succeeded. We kept on walking a few blocks, when he stopped and complained of the distance, and I again used the "almighty dollar" influence—this occurred three times, and I had already changed six dollars from my hand to his (the last two halts were paid double) when we at last arrived in front of the Legation; the front door was open, I stepped just inside the threshhold and then bid him defiance.

He raved and swore at a great rate, when I pointed to the arms over the door and the flag floating in the breeze; but he did not dare to touch me, and I laughed and made fun of him till he grew crazy with

rage, and went off vowing by all the saints that he would bring a police force and drag me along with him to the prison. Shortly after, sentinels were placed on the sidewalk, near the Legation, to prevent me from escaping, I suppose, as I could see by looking from the window that they (from the opposite side of the street where they were posted) never took their eyes off of the house. The Minister was absent in Callao, but was soon to return.

In a little while my partner came and gave me the particulars of his arrest, which were these:—Colonel Gárate and his two brothers, each with a revolver in hand, and followed by three armed policemen, of a sudden entered the store pointing their weapons at him, and commanding him to surrender; he did so, of course, as resistance would have been madness under the circumstances, and they at once proceeded with him to the *Intendencia* (police headquarters) with a pistol pointed at his head, not allowing him even to close the street door of the store, and leaving it alone and at the mercy of the multitude which thronged the street. On arriving at the *Intendencia*, and in the presence of the Chief of Police, he (Andraca) saluted my partner with—

"How dare you, *Gringo de* —— (an abusive epithet applied to Englishmen), attempt to scandalize the Government? Bring the irons!" he shouted to a subaltern who stood gaping in the crowd.

"But what have I done that I should be dragged from my business, with a revolver at my head, and

now threatened with irons?" asked Macnamara in an energetic, fearless tone.

"Wait a moment," he said to the subaltern who brought the irons and was about to put them on. "Did you not put a document with Colonel Gàrate's name on in the window of your store?" directing the question to Macnamara.

"No," was his emphatic reply.

"Who put it there, then?" demanded the Chief.

"Mr. Dingman, the owner of the document," said Macnamara.

Their countenances fell. They had made a mistake, not knowing me personally; and after a general shrugging of shoulders, Macnamara was released and my arrest ordered, when he hastened to reach the store in advance of them to give me time to get away. It was a lucky thing for me that I was absent at breakfast that day.

CHAPTER XIII.

THE MINISTER COMMUNICATES WITH THE AUTHORITIES—THE AUTHOR IS NOT MOLESTED—PROSECUTES GARATE, AND VICE VERSA—"DEFAMATION OFFENCE" ARTICLE PUBLISHED IN PAPER—THE AUTHOR IS SENTENCED AND LEAVES THE COUNTRY—THE DICTATOR'S GOVERNMENT OVERTHROWN AND HE FLIES FROM THE COUNTRY—THE AUTHOR RETURNS—GARATE GOES TO "JUDGMENT"—SUITS CLOSED.

The Minister returned from Callao at about 4 P. M., and I put him in possession of what had occurred, obliging me to seek his protection, and he at once communicated with the authorities, ordering the sentinels to be withdrawn from his house, and sent his secretary, at 6 P. M., to accompany me to my house, with the assurance that if I should be arrested he would have me released instantly.

But I was not molested. The affair took to the courts of law for satisfaction. My partner and I prosecuted Gàrate for an attempt at assassination, false arrest, violation of domicile in forcibly entering the store, and for damages caused by the store being left open and robbed by the mob during the interval it was left unattended when he forced Macnamara away to prison: two separate suits, one civil and the other criminal. Gàrate, in the meantime, prosecuted me for defamation of character, and published an article in the daily paper giving his reasons for

so doing; to which we replied by publishing the following, which I translate from the original, and fully explains the origin of the trouble:—

"DEFAMATION OFFENCE.

"In this manner Colonel Ignacio O. Gàrate has qualified an act certainly most licit, of having offered at public sale a note made by Captain Manuel Pastor, and guaranteed by said Colonel, after having eight months transpired since it came due, and the amount not having been recoverable from either of the responsible parties. It has not been our wish to form polemics on this subject, rather wishing our judicial vindication, in order that it might serve as a sure base for public opinion, which, without authentic datum, might possibly be led astray and against us, through the influence of that natural sympathy with which the party of superior position is generally favoured. Provoked by Colonel Gàrate, we will limit ourselves, for the last time, to making a few observations upon the same acts to which he refers in the libel published in *El Comercio*, in its No. 9074, leaving to our attorney the judicial appreciations of the citations and doctrines which it contains, as also the legal merit attached to the celebrated letter of the condescending Mr. Andraca.

"On account of the lawsuit in which the tailoring establishment of Macnamara is involved in the *Consulado* (commercial court,) Benjamin S. Dingman has been placed as interventor in the business, with the

special instructions to realize all the assets found in the books and documents of the establishment. In this number figured the note made by the officer Pastor, and guaranteed by Colonel Gàrate; and as neither the principal debtor covered the amount of the note, being insolvent, as the guarantee himself declares, in a postscript contained in his communication, and much less the said Colonel Gàrate, who refused to recognize the authority of the judge Tudela, there remained no other course for the interventor Dingman but to negotiate the note, putting it publicly on sale as the easiest way of accomplishing the object in view. And what other course was there left the interventor to pursue, with a note past due, when the maker of it had nothing to pay it with, and the guarantee refused to pay? Gàrate, having refused to satisfy the amount of his responsibility, and, claiming the privileges of an endorser in a transaction that had no other guarantee than his good faith, Dingman put on sale the respective note, adding to it the following phrase, indispensable for the object proposed: 'This note will be sold at a discount;' and, as this operation is not prohibited by the laws, thought it a perfectly licit proceeding. Much more so, as he had often seen the names of slow payers and fraudulent debtors published in the newspapers, without anybody having been affected like Mr. Gàrate, because all understand, doubtless, that true honour consists in satisfying contracted responsibilities, and above all those of personal

honour, thereby avoiding the publishing of their names.

"Supposing that Dingman's conduct had amounted to an offence, and Gàrate confesses that Dingman was culpable, for what reason did he take Timoteo Macnamara as a prisoner to the *Intendencia*, when he was not responsible for Dingman's conduct? It is true that Mr. Gàrate affirms that the *Intendente* ordered that Macnamara should be imprisoned; but, in the high position of the Colonel, we will not think that in executing personally the order of imprisonment he was acting as a police emissary, but of his own free will only, and for which reason we have made our complaint against him, and not against the *Intendente*. The sequestrated Macnamara having arrived at the *Intendencia*, surrounded by the retinue presided over by Mr. Gàrate, he informed the authorities that he had been dragged from his establishment and brought prisoner, without any authority whatever. At that moment Mr. Andraca took a paper from his table, and showed it him, saying, 'Here is the order.' The public, more illustrated than us, will know if the political authorities fulfill their attributes, having arrests made with orders that they keep laid away in their portfolios!

"The answer of the *Intendente*, published by our antagonist, does not appear strange to us. After he saw that Gàrate, in his presence, repeated the insults to Macnamara, threatening him with the revolver which he brandished, and the prisoner Mac-

namara called his attention to it, all the answer he received was, 'Well done—I would have done the same thing.' To not displease Mr. Gàrate, says the letter, he sent after Dingman. And then how could the order intended for another be used against Macnamara? The *Intendente*, in his design to not displease Colonel Gàrate, has also been obliged to give such an answer; and, reserving its legal qualification for the tribunals, we will only say that such an answer does little honour to a Sub-Prefect of the capital of the Republic.

"To depress his antagonists, the Colonel qualifies them frequently as 'tailors,' forgetting that it is more honourable to be a tailor, and gain an honourable living, than to be demanded by tailors for the payment of a debt of honour. Dingman does not profess to be a tailor—is only a judicial interventor of the establishment—but would wish rather to be a tailor, that to be demanded for the clothes he wears.

"We will conclude by publishing our *recurso* to the Tribunal answering a plea of Mr. Gàrate, in which it is manifest that he appears in this question with malice or bewildered direction.

(Signed) "BENJAMIN S. DINGMAN,
"TIMOTEO MACNAMARA."

The suits were prosecuted, respectively, from the beginning, with all the activity posible, and the lower courts gave their verdicts in our favour.

Gàrate could do nothing with his case against me for defamation, and finally dropped the case. At this stage of the affair I was taken sick, and remained for about a month confined to my room, and my partner was absent in Bolivia, on business, so there was necessarily a "cessation of hostilities" in our lawsuit on our part, which was most villainously taken advantage of by Gàrate, in the following manner:—

Without notifying either my lawyer or me, he carried our case against him to the Supreme Court, having first had his personal friends appointed as judges for the occasion, and they immediately "turned the tables" against us with a vengeance. They annulled the proceedings of the lower courts, without giving any reason whatever, and sentenced *Macnamara to pay Gàrate* $1,000, *and also one year's imprisonment; I was to pay Gàrate* $2,000, *and suffer two years' imprisonment!* This news came to me when I was still confined to my room, and, besides, that it would be enforced as soon as I made my appearance on the streets. Of course the proceedings were all illegal, but there was no way of getting redress under the Dictatorial Government, and I at once made preparations to leave the country, which I did in a few days.

I was not long kept away, however, for the revolution was already gaining ground, and in a few months the Dictator Prado and his satellites were also fugitives from the country, a new Government

established, and all the acts of the Dictatorial Government annulled. But, notwithstanding, when I came back our case could be pushed no farther by us, for the reason that our antagonist had disappeared from the scene—gone to answer a summons from the Judge of all judges. He had taken the yellow fever and suddenly died. We could find no property to proceed against, and consequently were completely and hopelessly victimized.

Prado, during the short time he was in power, purchased two *haciendas* (plantations,) and several houses, both in Lima and the seacoast watering-place, *Chorrillos*, but *all in his wife's name*, and besides secured ready money enough to start a bank in *Montenegro*, which he immediately did on taking his flight to Chile.

CHAPTER XIV.

PRINCIPAL SEA-PORTS — SITUATION OF AREQUIPA— YQUIQUE AND ITS IMPORTANCE — SALTPETER WORKS—GREAT INDUCEMENTS TO SHIPPERS.

The principal ports in Perú are Callao, Payta, Yquique. Arica, Mejillones, Pisco, Chala, Islay, Pisagua, Ilo and Lomas, at all of which the mail steamers which ply between Panama and Valparaiso regularly call with freight, mails and passengers.

Islay is the port of entry to the city of Arequipa,

which lies seventy-five miles in the interior and on the east side of the Cordillera, and a railroad is actually in construction from the coast and through those ice-capped mountains to unite it with the port. The road is being built by special contract from the Peruvian Government, given to Henry Meiggs, an American, the railroad king that has won for himself already immortal fame by his grand achievements in civil engineering and in planting railroads in South America; but this will be his crowning achievement, by far exceeding all his former ones in difficulties, because after bridging and tunnelling mountain on top of mountain he is constantly ascending till the terminus, Arequipa, is reached, which is situated 8,000 feet above the level of the sea, his starting point. In the great earthquake which took place in 1868, the city of Arequipa was totally destroyed, not a building being left standing, and thousands of its inhabitants perished in the ruins; but it was soon rebuilt, and it is now as large as ever. The population is about 50,000.

The ports of Yquique and Pisagua are of great commercial importance on account of being situated on the Desert of Atacama, the immense saltpeter region, and these being the outlets from which the whole civilized world is supplied with that indispensible article of consumption.

Yquique, being situated nearest to the great saltpeter works, which are only a few miles in the interior, is the principal shipping point, and I have

frequently seen a hundred ships at anchor in the harbour loading, unloading merchandize, and waiting for cargo. A railroad connects the town with the works, and is constantly running trains loaded with saltpeter, but notwithstanding is unable to satisfy the demand for carrying, and hundreds of tons are daily brought down, besides, on the backs of mules.

The town has about 12,000 inhabitants, and is located on the barren coast of the Desert, and a narrow plain separates it from the high ridge of mountains in its rear, beyond which are situated the saltpeter works already mentioned. The earthquake of 1868 destroyed the place, the sea having risen and came in with waves fifty feet high, sweeping all before it, and only a few scattering houses were left standing. The same earthquake destroyed several other towns on the Peruvian coast. This is a very important business place, as *everything* has to be imported and always commands high prices, and money always abundant. All the water consumed here is made by machinery from sea-water, and costs from twenty-five to fifty cents the arrobe (four gallons), according to the supply on hand.

One of the largest and most enterprising manufacturers of saltpeter is Fernando Lopez, a Chilian, who has for many years devoted himself to the trade, and is one of the principal shippers of the article. He owns extensive beds of the raw material, and has two large steam manufactories, the machinery of one

of which cost $50,000 in England, and is capable of producing 100 tons of saltpeter daily. The estimated value of both establishments with their respective buildings, machinery, and tracts of desert, is over half a million of dollars. He has large warehouses in Yquique, stored with sacks filled ready for shipping, and his cargoes are constantly despatched for all parts of Europe. But he is not the only extensive manufacturer, as there are several others on an equally large scale; and also a company formed, and recently put in operation, who bring the liquid through iron pipes laid from the coast to the interior, and manufacture it in the port, thus saving the enormous freight charged by the railroad. Should this scheme prove a success, it will tend greatly to lower the price of the article by diminishing at least one-third the original cost of production and delivery at the harbour.

Ships are always in demand here, and command good freights. This is the most advantageous destination port for vessels in all South America, as they are sure of selling their cargo and of at once obtaining a charter to carry saltpeter to Europe. The best cargo to bring here is lumber, coal, flour and barley, as these are the staple articles of consumption, and are free of import duty, but any kind of a general cargo will always be readily disposed of at good prices. The current prices of the articles named are: Lumber, 50 to $70 per M.; coal, 12 to $15 per ton; flour, 3.75 to $5 per 100 lbs.; barley, 2 to $3 per 100

lbs. These, it is understood, are the prices as sold by cargo, delivered at the vessel's side.

This great saltpeter (nitrate of soda) region extends, in the Republic of Perú, between the latitudes 19 and 23, in the Desert of Atacama.

CHAPTER XV.

ORIGIN OF THE NAME OF PERU—ORIGIN OF ITS INHABITANTS—ANCIENT TIMES—THE INCAS—FORM OF GOVERNMENT—RELIGION—PROPERTY—ANCIENT CUSTOMS—SPANISH TYRANNY.

The name *Perú* was not known among the natives at the time of the conquest, and was given to it by the Spaniards, in consequence, it is thought, of a false interpretation of the word *Pelú*, which, according to Garcilago, was the Indian name for river, and which was by the Spaniards supposed to mean the name of the country which they were trying to explore. The true name with which the natives designated the numerous tribes and nations united under the sceptre of the *Incas*, was *Tauantinsuyn*, or *the fourth part of the world*, which is its meaning.

The origin of the inhabitants of Perú is hid in the obscure mysteries of ages. Judging from the form of their rafts, used in the Lake *Titicaca*, they would appear to be Egyptians; and Phœnecians, from the resemblance noted between the ruins of *Tiahuanacu*

and those of that enterprising and navigating people; but there are stronger presumptions to believe that they proceed from China or India.

The history of Perú embraces three distinct epochs, each of which shows the transitions which the country has passed through in its political life. The first, designates the epoch of the *Inca* Empire; the second, the Spanish conquest of that Empire; the third, that of the emancipation, in which the conquerors were driven from the territory, and the independent order of things began which still exists.

Of the age preceding the foundation of the *Inca* Empire, nothing is known. Nothing is known as to who were the first inhabitants of Perú; neither is it known to which race they belonged, nor the nature of the settlements that then existed, their form of government and state of civilization in which they were found. The history of that epoch has been lost in the lapse of time. All that is known upon that particular does not go beyond the sphere of conjectures that man has formed studying America since it was discovered by Columbus in the XV. Century.

These conjectures have been various. Some believed that the first settlers were descendants of Noah; that his grandson, Tubal, populated Spain, and that his descendants passed over to America. Others, that the Americans were not descendants of Adam and Eve, but were originarys of the place; and some, with more probability, judged them to

proceed from the Asiatics, who introduced themselves into America by Behring Strait, which then did not exist,—this continent being then united to Asia, and afterwards separated from it by revolutions of the globe or inundations of the ocean. Be that as it may, none of those opinions can be accepted, because they all lack convincing proof, although the last is worthy of consideration for the probability it may contain of having been one continent Asia and America, which now are found separated by an arm of the sea called Behring Strait.

Yet, although nothing is known of the antecedents of the American race, it is known that before the epoch signalized for the foundation of the *Inca* Empire, the territory that we know by the name of Perù, as well as the rest of the American continent, was inhabited by numerous barbarous tribes, each one of which spoke a dialect different from the others, who had no form of government nor laws regulating their individual rights. These tribes were independent, and their mode of living was that of savages not recognizing the right of property, obedience and all the principles which guarantee life and give stability to organized society.

Notwithstanding, the monuments found on the borders of Lake *Titicaca* appear to indicate, by their aspect, that they were made in an epoch previous to the government of the *Incas*. If this idea could have been demonstrated as a fact, it would be presumed that there existed among those tribes a grade of cul-

ture that would exempt them from being classified as savages; but, as the origin of those monuments has been contradicted, and attributed to the Imperial epoch, we cannot rely upon an opinion whose exactitude is not corroborated. For this reason, and for the absolute obscurity of those ages, nothing can be chronicled as evident, except the existence of a numerous race that inhabited Perú.

In order to comprehend the historical worth of the three epochs of Perú, it should be known that, not only the foundation of the *Inca* Empire, but the chronological order of its monarchs and the demarcation of the period occupied by each of them, until the XVI. century, has all been derived from the traditions of the natives, in the deductions made from the study of its monuments, and in the testimony of the monuments themselves. From that date to the present, the history rests upon undeniable documents and testimonies that manifest the exactitude of what is narrated.

Notwithstanding the powerful motives which lead to presume the existence of a very ancient civilization in Perú, it appears undoubtable that before the *Incas* there had not been any general domination consolidated nor national union established.

The dynastical trunk of the *Incas* is, according to unchangeable tradition, *Manco-Capac* and *Mama-Oello*, his wife and sister at the same time, who came out of Lake *Titicaca*, calling themselves children of the Sun, and sent by it to congregate the natives and

teach them the arts of the civilized world. They founded the city of Cuzco, 11,300 feet above the level of the sea, in the year 1043, and made it the centre of the great *Inca* Empire.

Their form of government was hereditary and absolute, from father to son, although this succession was limited to the first born of the *Coya*, who was the *Inca's* sister as well as his queen. As absolute sovereign, the *Inca* was the arbiter of rank, power, riches and life. He raised armies, imposed contributions, declared war, made laws and named the judges that should administer them,—in a word, he could say with more reason than any other: *I am the State.*

The antiquity of the Peruvians shows the notable circumstances that all the tribes that composed the vast empire recognized the existence of a *Great Spirit*, Creator of the universe, which they worshipped under the name of *Pachacamac* and *Viracocha*, and to whom they had consecrated a temple.

But the deity to whom they rendered particular homage, the propagation of which they never ceased to procure in all times, was the sun, which may be was by them only considered the prime minister of the omnipotent *Pachacamac.* They had temples raised to him everywhere, and to him were sacrificed rabbits, flour, and various fruits of the earth. Of no less importance are their beliefs and traditions; among the first, are notable those relative to the immortality of the soul and the existence of another life in which were reserved eternal rewards and

punishments according to the actions of the person in this world, and a *Bad Spirit* to whom they gave the name of *Catai*, a personification of the Devil. Among the second, is the tradition of a deluge, which is as circumstantially related as any real Mexican legend.

The land was divided in three parts. the first belonged to the sun, the second to the *Inca*, and the third to the inhabitants, who were obliged to cultivate it all equally, but giving the preference to that of the sun, then to their own part, and lastly to that of the *Inca*, whose necessities were not so urgent. This distribution, although very acceptable to supply the common necessities of society, was, notwithstanding, an obstacle to progress, which is only reached with the exercise of individual liberty.

Their marriages were celebrated on a fixed day, and always between relatives, or with the members of the same community, at least. They were generally made without consulting the wishes of the parties, but always consulting the will of the *Inca* or the *Curaca*. The woman as soon as married consecrated herself to spinning or knitting, without leaving the house except upon rare occasions. Poligamy was only the privilege of the *Inca* and the first nobility.

Births and deaths were solemnized with banquets and drunkenness, which was the predominant vice among the Indians. The corpses were placed in a sitting, squatting position in large earthen coffins, in which were put their respective instruments of

industry or profession, and thus interred in their deep-dug graves.

In Perú, as in all countries when in their infancy, the memory of the great events was perpetuated by means of popular songs, that also served to express their joys or sorrows, and for which the language was admirably adapted. It was customary, also, to distract the public with theatrical representations.

In no part did Spain more odiously display her abominable system of oppression and exactions than in the country of the *Incas*. The fertility of its soil and the richness of its mines made this part of America the blank of the rapacity and covetousness of its dominators. To the tyranny of the laws and the enormous tithes exacted from the poor native, was added the rapacity of the functionaries of all denominations in the administrative order; besides the exactions prescribed by the law, as basis of the administration, they had to suffer those of the authorities, who only cared to satisfy their insatiable greediness. It was for this reason, also, that it was in Perú where was first felt the symptoms of discontent produced by such hard servitude, and in the year 1730 the first revolution was suffocated.

CHAPTER XVI.

LAKE TITICACA—STEAMBOATS—VEGETATION OF ITS ISLANDS—TOWNS ON ITS MARGINS—CONTRASTS—CANOES.

The *Titicaca*, so called by the name of one of its islands (which means Colony, or Mountain of Lead), or *Chucuito*, more properly, is situated in the region of eternal snow, on the high tableland of Oruro, at a height of 11,742 feet above the level of the sea, and at a distance of fifteen leagues west of La Paz, Bolivia.

Its circumference is, a little more or less, 270 miles; its greatest length, from north-west to south-east, 150; its surface, 1,464 square miles, and its depth from twenty-four to sixty yards.

It is the only fresh water lake in South America, although its waters have not a very agreeable taste.

It appears like an ocean, as in its immense extent it comprises peninsulas, islands, straits, promontories and isthmuses.

The accumulation of water which forms the lake, and which proceeds from subterraneous springs, is engrossed by the rivers *Llave*, *Ramis*, and *Coata*, which take their rise in the centre of the *Cordillera de los Andes*, and empty their waters into the *Titicaca*.

The lake empties its waters into the *Aullagas*, in Oruro, through the voluminous and placid River *Desaguadero*, which runs through the high tableland

without making the least noise in its course. Seen from the summit of the *Apacheta*, it has the appearance of a silver ribbon stretched over an emerald surface.

In the midst of the most perfect system of natural lakes and of navigable rivers, where cheapness and abundance might abound, the inhabitants of its shores content themselves with admiring its blue waters and in enjoying its variegated and exquisite fish. It is only four years since the Peruvian Government ordered steamers built in the United States, which would supply themselves with coal from the numerous coal mines in the surrounding mountains.

Its waters are only ploughed by canoes and *totora* rafts, as if ten centuries had not passed since those waters were navigated by the children of the Sun.

Recently two of those steamboats have been launched, and are called *Yavari* and *Yapurà*.

Thousands of variegated birds shelter themselves in the *Totorales* on its shores, where an abundance of herbs grow in the water, in which the animals submerge themselves up to the neck to eat. The large quantities of herbs that are thrown upon the shores during the tempests surround the lake like a green picture-frame, while its waters reflect upon its surface the snow-capped mountains upon its borders.

The vegetation upon its various islands is enchanting, and upon them graze the herds that aliment the Indians with milk and give them wool for coverings; there are cultivated the vegetables that are carried

and sold in the country that produces the best coffee in the world (Bolivia), the *cocoa*, and thousands of other delicious fruits.

There can be nothing more variegated than its shores, where at each step the landscape view changes, and where the view extends in new horizons infinitely versified by its immense islands, which change the form of the arms of water that surround them.

A sky as variegated as its rustic landscapes, and silent shores, is pictured in its waters, which reflect the rainbow's colors.

On its margin are situated the active and pretty town of *Puno*, whose commerce in wool is daily increasing in importance, the towns of *Juli*, *Zepita*, *Pomatà*, *Pancarcolla*, and others of less importance, on the Peruvian border, which is the most populated, and where the air of civilization is felt that has come to enliven the cradle of *Manco-Capac* and *Mama-Oello*. *Aigachi*, *Tiahuanacu*, *Hachacachi*, and others, are the Bolivian populations formed upon its enchanting shores, and which only display their habits of civilization and culture in their majestic temples of hewn stone, around which are grouped a few houses built of straw and mud, inhabited only in the season of the feasts and fairs; an amiable priest that continually prays for the poor Indians, and a rude magistrate that robs them, form, in such a heterogeneous group, the picture of the social life of the poor and benighted towns on the borders of the lake.

I have not visited a single town on the Bolivian side where the striking contrast is not seen between its miserable habitations of mud and its sumptuous temple, whose cut stone arches reach to the clouds.

Among the islands, the most important for their antiquities are the *Titicaca* and *Coati*, which are to be seen from the Copacabana peninsula.

The canoes that navigate the Bolivian waters are formed of bundles of *totora* tied together with herb-cords, whose graceful form has the appearance of the elegant breast of the swan. They can only carry two passengers seated upon the legs, and an Indian that propels it from the stern with a pole two or three yards long, and with which he guides it at will, the fragile barque resembling a leaf playing with the waters of the lake.

This ends my notes taken on Perú while there, and consequently closes the first part of this work. The notes on the Republic of Bolivia, which immediately follow, are far more minute and extensive in detail, and, for their commercial statistics and diversity of information, cannot fail to interest the public.

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